

AUGUST 1958

Maryknoll



FEEDING THE HUNGRY
See story on page 63



STARTING YOUNG. Shoes are never worn inside a Japanese home. So before going in for supper, these youngsters shed footgear.

the boy who couldn't be a priest

There was a moral in the story,
but the author didn't make it.

BY NORBERT J. RANS, M.M.



■ WHEN I was in Tokyo during the Korean war, I was invited for a personal interview with General Douglas MacArthur. But the morning I called at the General's headquarters, I was disappointed to learn that he had unexpectedly been called to Korea on urgent business. He had left word, however, that I was to return the following morning. This I was unable to do because my ship was sailing.

The officer in charge, Colonel Willoughby, was most generous with his time and I enjoyed a wonderful visit. He apologized for the General's absence, and told me that the General had hoped to point out to me the great need of missionaries in Japan. He said that they were very important for the future of the country, if the Communists were not to take over and run things.

As we talked, the Colonel asked me where I was from. I told him that my home was in Minnesota. When I was leaving, he suggested that I visit Tokyo General Hospital because there were many wounded soldiers there from the Midwest. I also learned that one of the chaplains there was from the Archdiocese of St. Paul, a Father Bertrand.

When I called at the hospital, Father Bertrand was away. Another chaplain from the Diocese of Pittsburgh gave me a cordial welcome and kindly offered to show me around the hospital. I accepted his invitation with thanks.

As I recall, the hospital was literally packed with rows and rows of amputees. Many of those boys had been wounded at the Yalu River when the Chinese broke through. I shall never forget the

gruesomeness of the sights we saw in the receiving room. Casualties were being flown to Japan by the planeload, and busses were used in place of ambulances to bring them to the hospital.

One incoming group that I observed had drunk anti-freeze in jeeps to keep warm in the sub-zero temperature. They had been

violently poisoned. Some had lost their minds; others were frothing at the mouth; others were dead on arrival. After that scene, you can imagine my concern as we started to visit the long rows of patients.

As we went through the hospital I spoke to many boys. The chaplain told them that I was from Maryknoll, and that Maryknollers were working in Korea. When we approached one bed, a bright-eyed, handsome young man, perhaps twenty years of age, greeted us cheerfully. The chaplain explained that I was a Maryknoll priest and asked the patient if he had seen any of our priests in North Korea.

"No, I didn't, Father," the boy replied. "But up in North Korea, I saw the ruins of what once were Maryknoll missions."

"Do you know Maryknoll?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes, Father!" he said. "When I was going to parochial school back home I used to read the Maryknoll magazine every month.

I remember the pictures of the Korean boys and girls, and others in the Orient who needed help. I never dreamed that some day I would be here as a soldier. As a matter of fact, I had the desire of being a missionary priest. I wanted to be a Maryknoller."

"And what happened?"

"When I was in the eighth

grade, I spoke to my dad and mother but they said I was too young to know my own mind. My mother told me to finish high school first.

"All during my high-school days, I prayed that I would be a priest. When it came time to graduate, I went to my parents again and told them that I still wanted to be a priest. My mother said that I still was not mature enough — I should go to college awhile. I obeyed. It was during my first year at college that I was drafted."

Then, from the eyes that had been so happy to see a priest, large tears began to flow and roll down his cheeks. Then from under the white sheet, he pulled two bandaged stumps of arms. Holding the bandaged and handless arms aloft, he added, "And now, Father, I will never be able to be a priest."

I turned away from the bed so that he would not see the tears in my own eyes. There was a moral in his story but at that time I was too saddened to try to draw it. ■ ■

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

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Bamboo Wireless

A parishioner in Arequipa, Peru, came to Father ALBERT I. KOENIGSKNECHT (Michigan) complaining that the police had taken away forty sticks of dynamite he was saving for a real blow-out on the Virgin's fiesta. Father pointed out that the man shouldn't be too unhappy since he had "saved" the dynamite, a stick at a time, from the quarry where he worked . . . Father JOHN LAWLER (Massachusetts) opens the first parochial high school in Lima, Peru.

* * *

Lend Me Your Hands, the popular handbook on the lay apostolate by Maryknoll's Father BERNARD MEYER, has been issued by Fides as a paperback . . . The People's Eucharistic League has published Father JOHN MURRETT's Watching One Hour, a booklet for the Holy Hour . . . Father BERNARD MEYER's cartoon catechism is pushing close to the three million mark.

* * *

When a paper company in Formosa transferred from government to private ownership, the management was amazed to discover gods and goddesses among the stockholders. All this happened when temple properties were exchanged for shares in the company . . . New Maryknoll publications being readied for September. World Student is published by Maryknoll seminarians for foreign students in U.S.A. World Campus is edited for college students.

* * *

Father PHILIP REILLY reports that the new cook in Chung Pyung, Korea, is unusual. On her first day he found her trying to cook a frying pan of meat on top of the toaster. At dinner she set out lace curtains for napkins . . . Parishes of from sixty to seventy thousand people not unusual in Bolivia and Peru.

* * *

On Formosa, FATHER JOSEPH COSGROVE (Massachusetts) gave out relief supplies to more than 4,000 families . . . A Solemn Mass, attended by Maryknoll and Yucatecan priests, marked Maryknoll's first fifteen years in Mexico. The Maryknollers now in Yucatan are working out of ten mission centers . . . Bishop RAYMOND A. LANE, recovered from recent illness, now has full schedule with lectures and conferences around the country.



Families in crowded tenements, streets, are Father Reilly's concern.



For food, refugees must depend on the generosity of people in other lands.

A Problem of People

Building schools proved to be turning point in refugee work.

■ EVERY HOUSEWIFE who has coped with unexpected guests for dinner will sympathize with the people of Hong Kong. Between one and two million refugees from China have dropped into the colony since 1949.

This increase paralyzes the imagination. It is roughly the same as moving all the people of Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, without making any provisions for them, or moving all of Detroit to Milwaukee, or those of Los Angeles to San Francisco.

Hong Kong now has four residents for each one there at the end of World War II. The refugees overflowed the hillsides. On steep slopes they constructed huts of old packing cases, sheets of tin, strips of cardboard, and some tar paper.

Resettlement areas soon took definite shape. Four Maryknollers moved in among the people to help them in any way possible. The missionaries — Fathers Peter A. Reilly (Roxbury, Mass.), Stephen B. Edmonds (Cambridge, Mass.), Arthur F. Dempsey (Peekskill, N.Y.), and Howard D. Trube (Williamsbridge, N. Y.) — had worked in China previously.



FROM THIS



TO THIS



TO THIS

Crude shacks of wood and paper are firetraps, as Father Edmonds knows. After fire in his area, Maryknollers built permanent, granite houses.

The efforts of these priests, the only ones working full time among refugees, came to the attention of Hong Kong's Education Department. Officials offered to provide free land in each area for a school, to meet half the costs of buildings and equipment, and to pay the teachers' salaries, if the priests would build the schools. The offer was quickly accepted.

Plans for the buildings were drawn in such a way that each could be used not only as a school (with six classrooms), but also as a community center, a church, and a medical center. By conducting double sessions daily, the schools could accommodate 500 students apiece.

Probably no other work in the resettlement areas gave as much encouragement to the refugees. At last parents could see a ray of hope for a better future for their children. All their own misery and sacrifices would not be in vain, if their children could have the opportunity to improve their lives.

The schools were built of granite, the cheapest material available. Unexpectedly, they led to better housing. The priests applied their construction experience to experiments with low cost, permanent homes for the refugees. The final model was a granite house, with cement roof and iron-framed windows, for a cost of about \$185.



This man brings bacon home alive by working as a coolie. Like most of refugees, he was a farmer in China.

Since then, the Maryknollers have put up 2,350 such homes.

Hong Kong's Social Welfare Office grew enthusiastic over what came to be called "The Maryknoll Low Cost Housing Plan." The Government contracted for the initial construction of 500 granite houses. Individuals and local groups raised money to build additional units.

Slowly, the face of the resettlement areas changed as ramshackle huts gave way to neat, granite houses. Day by day, the morale of all concerned with refugee work improved.

Granting sanctuary to between one and two million unexpected people reflects to the eternal credit of the people and officials of Hong Kong. But providing for the refugees' daily needs seemed physically impossible. Then the efforts and achievements of the Maryknoll priests sparked the enthusiasm of other workers. Their task is still formidable, but not hopeless.

The morale of the refugees likewise changed. Now they face the future with more hope and confidence. A good number have found the strength they need in religion. The four camps served by Maryknollers had only forty-seven Catholics a few years ago. Now they have more than 12,000. On a single day last summer, 460 converts were baptized during a two-hour ceremony.

These improvements in morale reflect credit on the priests who pioneered in the refugee work. The success of their school and housing program generated optimism that all other problems will be solved, one by one.

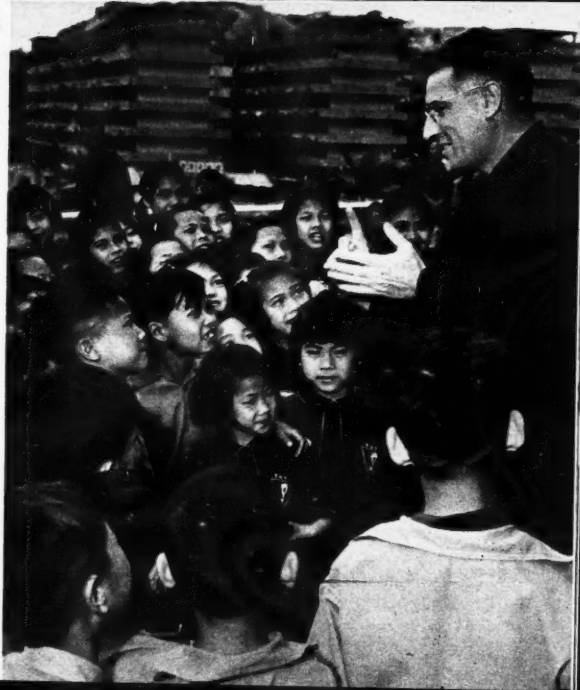


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Father Dempsey (on right) aids Msgr. John Romaniello at baptisms. Fifteen priests baptized 460 people in all.



Father Reilly and friends talk over plans to add more classes to school.



Papaya Mission



Here's a single parish as large as the State of Connecticut.

BY ROBERT V. JULIEN, M.M.

■ GULA is a young mission, only eight years old. But already we have three boys studying for the priesthood. Our parish covers an area about the size of the State of Connecticut. Much of this land is trackless waste wherein dwell wild animals of Africa.

The rest is moderately populated. There are 117,000 Basukuma inhabiting this parish. They are a farming people who live close to the soil and to their herds of cattle, sheep and goats.

A Basukuma hut is round, made of mud and has a pointed roof. The hut is divided into three sections. One section is an attic, where some of the food is stored. Surrounding the center section there is an ambulatory; this is where Basukuma do their sleeping, grinding of grain, and their everyday gabbing. The central section is where the small cattle, the sheep, the goats, stay at night. The heat from the animals keeps the hut warm on cool nights.

Gula mission is the papaya mis-

sion. This will be clearly apparent if you ever come to Gula. On the compound, there are scores of papaya trees, which the White Fathers, our zealous predecessors, planted a few years ago. There are other trees, such as orange, lemon and lime, and mango. Finally another variety of tropical tree produces a fruit that is popularly known as "vegetable ice cream." (This should stir up mission vocations among the younger set.) Imagine ice cream growing on trees! I can say that the fruit does taste something like ice cream — but don't ask me what flavor.

The three Padris in Gula enjoy these various fruits. Occasionally the Africans come begging for a papaya, or for a lemon. It is strange they never think of planting trees for themselves, although a papaya tree grows readily and produces fruit in a short time. It seems that Africans would rather beg, buy, or steal luxuries like papaya. To grow fruit themselves is beyond them,

although an exceptional few do plant such trees.

If these people had some fruit in their diet they would not suffer from the many skin ailments that plague them, such as scabies or tropical ulcers. Four thousand sick Africans were treated at our dispensary last year.

Hot rainless days for some six months, plus devastating ants, make it difficult to grow trees; but our papayas are glaring proof that it can be done.

Perhaps the reason why Africans do not plant trees is that fruits are strangers to their customary diet. Day in and day out, Africans eat a glutinous mass called *bugali*; this is ground millet or corn, boiled in water to the consistency of thick porridge, and molded into the shape of an inverted mixing bowl. Wild greens, gathered in the fields, season the *bugali*. Sometimes they will buy a piece of goat meat or cow meat. (They never slaughter their own animals for eating, unless the animals are almost dead from old age, or there is a special occasion like a wedding.) Meat is not eaten as an end in itself. The accompanying greens or meat sauce or what-have-you, are merely an African's salt and pepper.

The big feast days of the Church bring our outstation Christians to the papaya mission. Those are times of consolation for Padris, who see

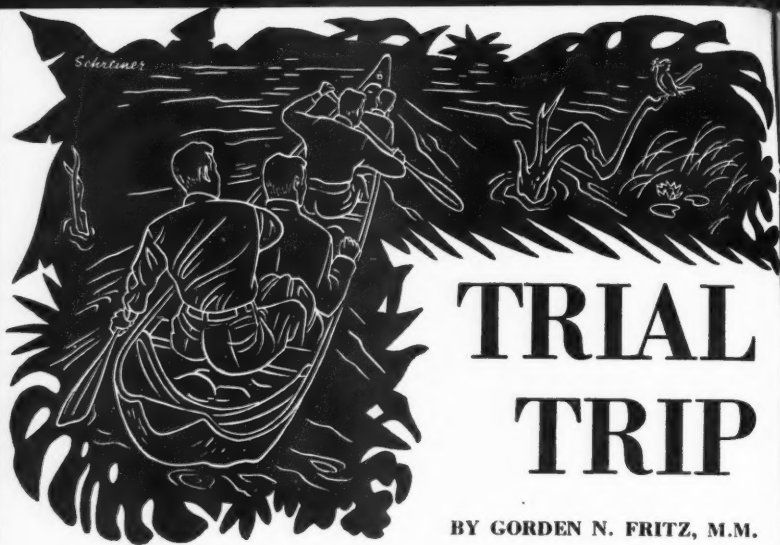
the whole flock filling the small church to capacity. Feast days are happy occasions for Christians. They love to meet the other members of the fold, exchange gossip, speculate on this year's price of cotton, and recount old times. Contacts boost the spirits of them all; and certainly the neighboring pagans must be somewhat impressed, and perhaps a little envious because they don't belong to such a friendly

group, such a warm, cheerful group.

Many pagans have the idea they could never make the grade. Just one wife is a hard saying. It's such a long course of instructions before baptism. To receive the Christian dowry of not more than ten cows, instead of the customary twenty-five or thirty-five, and possibly more, won't make a man rich. Still, many have the thought in the backs of their heads that "sometime" they will leave all to follow God. It is an indefinite "sometime." They are willing, but the obstacles are all but insurmountable.

That is why we Padris are here, to help these people help themselves to surmount — nay, to remove their obstacles. And we Padris in turn count very much on the generous support, both spiritual and material, of you folks back home. Gula mission must produce other fruit than papaya. It must produce good and happy children of God. ■ ■





TRIAL TRIP

BY GORDEN N. FRITZ, M.M.

Being an account of a trip that had some trials in it.

■ "EVER been in one of these before, Joe?" Bishop Danehy need not have asked. Father Joe (a visiting Maryknoller) is of no mean size and in the boat's loaded condition he nearly capsize us at the dock.

"This thing is pretty wiggly, isn't it?" he said of our sturdy craft.

"Just keep in the center and we will be fine," I suggested. "Use this bag of rice as a back rest."

"Is that all raw?" he asked. "Who is going to cook it?"

"Oh, the bishop is a pretty good cook," I said, as we shoved off from Riberalta in Bolivia.

That evening a kerosene-pressure burner up in the prow worked fine till the meal was about half cooked. Then it exploded. Just a gentle

explosion, but it upset the pot, spilled kerosene, and set the front end of the canoe on fire. Of course we had a lot of water handy, but that didn't help the bishop's burned fingers or warm the supper. However, it never happened again.

Next day was twelve punishing hours of travel. Off early as possible after Masses on shore, and on till darkness and weariness overcame us all. The bishop and I traded places with Pablo piloting; everybody helped peel potatoes.

Once Father Joe made a sudden turnabout with his big bulk, and sent the canoe lurching to the waterline. "Can I be of any help?" he asked. "Yes," we said gently; "sit quietly, facing forward, in the middle." But we marveled at his

constant good humor and optimism in circumstances that must have been killing for a novice. He endured myriads of mosquitoes and other insects, the boiling heat, the blindingly magnified sunlight, poor food, cramped position, endless monotony. Even the rains — at first refreshing — drenched us so often that we lost count. But Father Joe kept us alive to new and old beauties and outlooks.

"Are all of those parrots?" he would ask as a flock of a dozen or so flitted by. "Say, what's that deep roaring back in the jungle?"

We hadn't noticed, so we had to listen. "Oh, you mean those howling monkeys?" We were kind of ashamed to be so blasé.

"Have you ever seen a tree with a million flowers like that?"

We had, but we looked again and began to enjoy it more.

After a while I reflected on how pleasant it was to have a companion with a fresh outlook; and after a while again, on how similar it was to our missionary work among these people. They had been bred and born Catholics, surrounded by it all their lives, but they never knew it, never saw it, until someone from the outside came and pointed it out to them.

Settlements were few but their rarity, like diamonds, made them all the nicer. The people in them appreciated our visits the same way.

One night we slept in a big thatched-covered shed. As I shook out my blanket roll a nice fat tarantula spider, slightly smaller than my big farmer's hand, emerged in quest of a new hiding place. I shunted

it over towards the bishop. He headed it right back (wouldn't you know?), and Father Joe was both horrified and fascinated till I killed the spider with a slipper.

"Imagine sleeping with a thing like that!" he cried.

Happily he did not learn till next morning that we had been sleeping with a hundred vampire bats hanging from rafters.

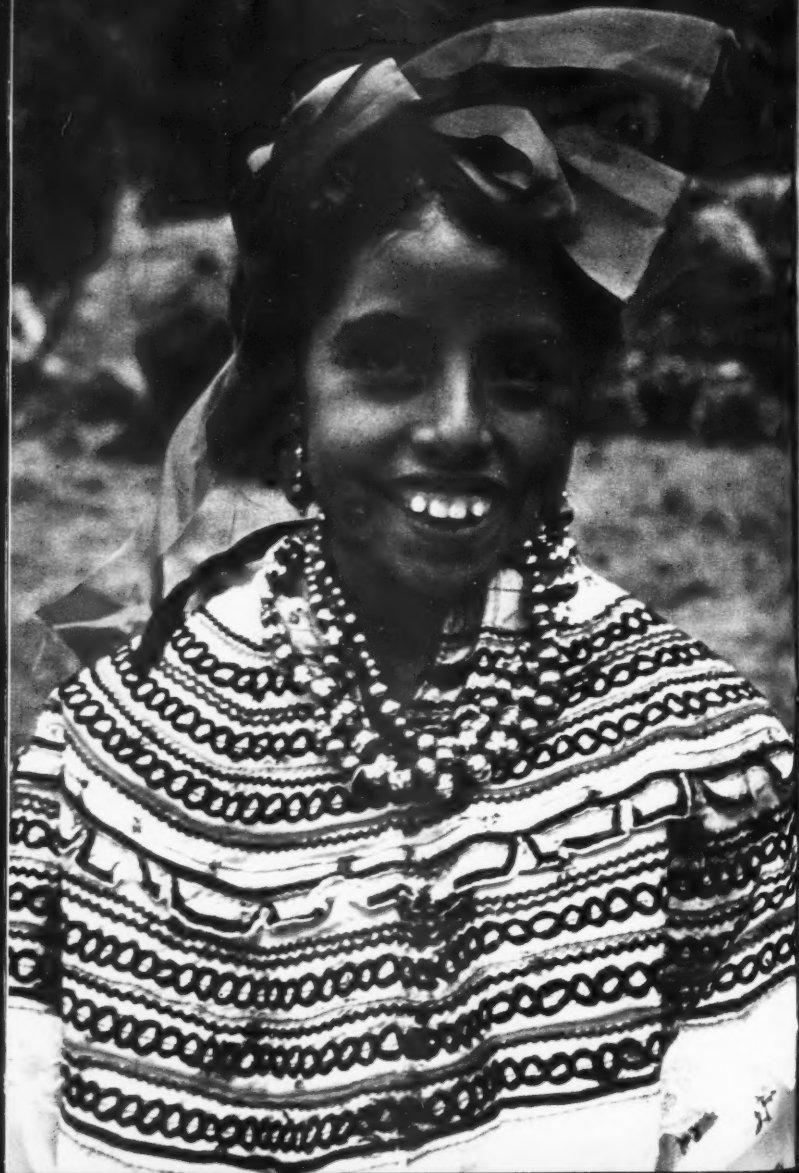
"Be careful of the sandbar up around the bend," we were warned the next morning. We tried to be careful, but the swift current swung us right onto it. Two hours we must have spent there, tugging and hauling the heavily laden boat — even the bishop was up to his waist in water.

When the struggle was over, we could rejoice again in the peace of the broad, green-banked Beni River. By the end of the fourth day, we were more than happy to reach Father McGowan's mission. He came out to greet us, with a big smile, as happy to see us, I suppose, as we were to see him.

Joe couldn't get over the pleasant little village Father McGowan had set up for his people that deep in the jungle. We never really understand nearly enough about our neighbors, what sacrifices they make, how much they work, what great things they accomplish.

Our little trip, with its few little trials, is just another drop in the ocean. But we all came out of it a bit richer. If Seneca said he never went out among men without coming back less a man, it is because he never went out on a trip with us!

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YOUTH AROUND THE WORLD

No School for Lucin

PICTURES AND BACKGROUND BY JOSEPH J. RICKERT, M.M.

■ HER baptismal name is Lucia Miguel Gaspar. The Mam Indians of Guatemala have their own way of pronouncing names and Lucia becomes Lucin, with the accent on the second syllable. Miguel is her father's first name. The Indians do not have last names but use the first names of their fathers. Thus Lucin's father is known as Miguel Mateo, the last name being that of his father. Gaspar is the first name of her maternal grandfather.

Lucin, who is twelve years old, is rather tall for her race, four feet. She is a happy person, smiling all the time. Her papa says she is very obedient, does her chores without urging. She has never gone to school, and probably never will go. She knows no Spanish, but speaks Kanjobal, the Indian language of the area. She is unable to read or write.

Lucin lives in the town of Soloma, a wet and cold place, high in the

Cuchumatanes Mountains. She has three brothers and one sister. Two brothers, Miguel who is eighteen and Mateo who is nine, are away at the coast working on a coffee plantation in order to get some money for the family.

The Miguels are very poor. Three months ago their adobe house collapsed and they are presently living in a crude shack about eight by ten feet. There is only one room, with a fireplace in the middle and some raised boards in a corner that serve as a bed. All in the family sleep in this one bed. There are no chairs in the house, just a few logs about the fire on which the people squat while eating. There are no sanitary facilities.

Lucin arises every morning about six o'clock. She washes from a gourd in the house; then immediately starts the fire, grinds corn for the morning tortillas, and makes coffee. About half past seven the family



Each morning Lucin hauls water. She also rolls grain to make tortillas.
Oklahoma's Father James LaCoste teaches catechism from a comic book.



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Lucin and her family

breakfasts. Afterwards Lucin goes to the river to get water, which she carries in a huge earthen jar. If it is a wash day, she helps her mother wash clothes. Otherwise, she sweeps the house and then grinds corn for the noon tortillas. After lunch, she washes the dishes and takes care of the six sheep that her father owns. This would ordinarily be the chore of her brother, Mateo. Late in the afternoon, she goes home to grind more corn. She cleans up after supper. Shortly thereafter she is in bed.

Lucin used to play with a doll made of old rags. She would sling it on her back as mama did with the latest baby. Now Lucin has no time for playing. In place of a doll, she carries her seven-month-old brother, Theodore. He is her constant companion.

The diet of the mountain Indian is largely one of corn, and Lucin's fare is no exception. Each meal consists of coffee and tortillas. Sometimes there are black beans. She rarely gets vegetables as we know them although her mother picks weeds and grasses from the hillsides and cooks them. Once, and never more than twice a week, there may be a bit of meat. Lucin goes regularly to the parish clinic where the pastor, Father Joseph Rickert, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gives her powdered milk and vitamins. These help to offset the undernourishment caused by her poor diet.

There is no recreation in Soloma

for Lucin, other than the weekly market when all the people from the hills around come into town. She has seen only one movie in her life, and that one was shown by Father Rickert at the church.

Lucin is faithful in attending Mass every Sunday, and sometimes she goes on weekdays when she can get away briefly from her chores. Three months ago she made her First Communion. Because she cannot read, she had to learn the catechism by repetition. A comic book catechism designed by Father Bernard Meyer of Maryknoll was used to teach her the rudiments of her religion.

Lucin tells the Padre that she prays to God that she will be a good woman, and that God will give her the necessary means to live. She hopes to marry and have children. The only ambition her parents have for her is that she will be a good housewife.

Her father owns about one acre of property. When he is not occupied with clearing, planting and harvesting his land, he makes adobe building bricks or cuts wood to be used in building. All of this effort produces an annual income of about eighty dollars so it is evident that there is no room for luxuries.

Like her neighbors, Lucin lives in a poverty that wouldn't be believed in the United States. Despite it, she is happy and loves her parents. She is grateful for the little they can give her. ■ ■

Everywhere that Lucin goes, Baby Brother Theodore follows after her. There's little danger that Mam Indian babies will ever feel unwanted.

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Wandering Children of God

What are Incan descendants like?

Ask the author; he works there.

BY JOSEPH R. LANG, M.M.

■ THE GIANT Andes of Peru seem to form one of those archaeological paradises to which many men at various times have come to study the pre-Incan and Incan ruins of a brave and cultured race. Among them was the famous Hiram Bingham, who discovered the best preserved Incan ruins at Machu Picchu.

An adventurous man, with a purpose, knew Cuzco when it was the greatest city in the Empire of the Sun. This man was Francisco Pizarro, conqueror of Peru. Before his death he was one of Spain's wealthiest sons; he was made a marquis but never learned how to sign his name.

In 1531 he was making his way through indescribably rugged lands to the heart of the Incan Empire. Peru had just emerged from a civil war, in which Atahualpa had defeated his brother, Huascar, the ruler of Cuzco and legitimate

claimant to the Incan throne. Unfortunately Atahualpa did not have long to rule before he was captured by Pizarro.

However, some years later Pizarro paid a great price for his newly won fame as conqueror and ruler of Peru. In his own home, before a small banquet to which he had invited some friends, he was assassinated. It is said that he fell to the floor mortally wounded. But before he died he raised himself long enough to trace the sign of the cross on the floor—probably in his own blood—and to utter the name, "Jesus."

Through the coming of the Spanish the Incas were exposed for the first time to the Faith of Christ. Atahualpa renounced his pagan faith and accepted baptism before he was strangled to death. However, it is evident in our own day that the

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descendants of the Incas are still pagans. We do not need to make a very intensive study of these people, to learn that they are a good century behind the times in their social and cultural pattern. The influence of Christianity that came with the priests in the days of the conquistadores did not touch many things in the Incas' lives. It left them the wandering children of the Catholic Faith. They are still the wandering children of God because they have never been made to realize fully the distinction between the pagan and Christian influences that now govern their lives.

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The daily lives of present-day Andean Indians are mixtures of Christian and pagan practices. They have been taught for centuries that the Sacrament of Baptism is essential for salvation. One or two days after a child has been born, parents think nothing of traveling miles by foot to bring the child to the nearest priest for baptism; and if they are unable to bring the child to the priest, they try to bring the priest to the child.

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I can remember when a faithful old Indian came to the rectory to tell me that a woman was sick in his village. After I reached the house I found that her sickness was due to childbirth. The baby, of which no mention had been made to me, had been dead for some time. The body, wrapped in one of the colorful handwoven Indian blankets, lay next to one of the adobe walls. After I had attended to the spiritual needs of the woman, I asked about the dead child. They said that they were going to leave the child

there by the wall until its burial the following Saturday. They did not want an unbaptized child buried on their property.

When I was making my way through the small doorway of the hut, an old woman came up and told me that, because the child died without baptism, the people would have a great deal of hail that would ruin their crops. I told her that was just superstition and suggested that she forget about it. But before I reached the rectory, it began to hail; and before I reached the office, there was already pretty much hail on the ground. The ending of this sounds like an old wives' tale; but since hail is a frequent entity in this part of the world, it seems rather coincidental that we happened to have a small hailstorm at that time.

I am told, and it seems to be true, that the Aymaras have a sort of "Mass" with a young llama. How often this "Mass" takes place, or exactly what the ceremonies of this "Mass" may be, I am unable to say. It is worthy of note that these Indians, who have been in contact off and on with Christianity since the sixteenth century, are still unable to throw off the yoke of paganism and let their lives be governed entirely by Christian doctrine and practices.

It is usual to find pagan practices among primitive peoples, and the Indians of the Peruvian altiplano are no exceptions. They are still primitive.



They have no first-class schools, good methods of agriculture, methods of hygiene or whatever else goes into the turning of a primitive race into a race that has the spiritual and material aspects of true civilization.

The advancement will have to come from without, since Indians have little knowledge of modern ways of living. They seem to do very little to help themselves towards civilization. Some of them think that they have become rather cultured, and these have a tendency to look down upon their own. Once I heard a full-blooded Aymaran Indian call some local children "savages." In reality they were no more savage than he had been when he was the same age.

The Indians here are not savages but primitives. One of their customs is to let the hair of a young child grow for a year or so until it looks like a matted piece of wool. During this time it is never cut or washed. Then comes the great day of the cutting of the hair. A sponsor for the cutting of the hair will be present. His only job is to hand to

the parents of the child some money or a sheep that will go towards the child's dowry. Then there is the actual cutting of the hair — and the infant begins to look like a human being.

Of course these Aymaran Indians are not entirely to blame for the circumstances in which they find themselves. Solid education has always been

denied to them. For this reason we find them living in an age far behind our own.

Even so, Indians do not lack ingenuity. Once I was visiting a rather large village for the purpose of placing a catechist there. I noticed one of the men signaling the mayor with a small, round mirror. I could see in the distance an answering flash of light that came from the mayor's mirror. This showed a great deal of inventiveness.

In this article, you will find no account of mission methods. But you now have some background on the type of people with whom we are working in the altiplano. Knowing his people is the beginning of a missionary's work. ■ ■

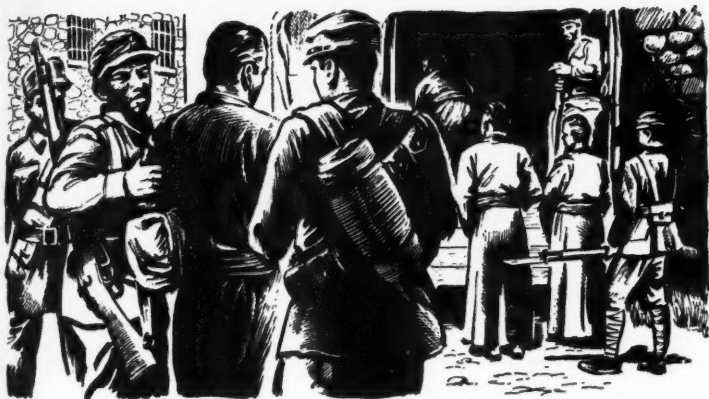
A CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

which gives its sons and daughters to the Church, cannot die. The Catholic vitality of a nation is measured by the sacrifices it is capable of making for the mission cause.

— Pope Pius XII

GIRL FRIENDS

FATHER James McCormick is getting a reputation as the "working girl's friend." Father Jim figures that when the new rayon factory starts up in his town it will need a lot of typists, so he has started a school to train Formosan girls in anticipation of getting jobs for them later on. His greatest difficulty is getting machines for them to practice on.



SILENCE BEHIND THE CURTAINS

■ FOR MANY Catholics in America, practicing their religion means a short ride to church on Sunday morning. Finding a parking space for the car may present a problem.

North Korean Catholics prefer to walk to church. However, they don't go on Sundays any more. All their priests have disappeared. Their bishops and Sisters are missing, too. As far as is known, no religious are active among the Catholics of North Korea.

In America, parents can send their children to Catholic elementary and high schools, colleges and universities. Catholic boys have the opportunity to become baseball players or Brothers, teachers or technicians, politicians or priests. Catholic girls are free to become

Under men who hate religion,
it is a crime to know a priest.

BY RAYMOND M. BOYLE

nurses or novices, actresses or artists, singers or Sisters. No doors are closed to those who possess the ability and determination to follow any particular career.

Catholics in China need not concern themselves about such matters. The state decides how many go to school and what training they receive. There are special indoctrination courses for Catholic youngsters.

In America, being a Catholic



These Sisters ran an orphanage in Canton. They rescued abandoned babies. The Communists gave them a public trial. Verdict: expulsion from China.

often means belonging to the Holy Name Society or the Rosary Society, the Knights of Columbus or the Catholic Daughters of America, or any of more than 200 other Catholic associations and societies.

For Chinese Catholics, belonging to a religious organization is a crime. The experience of Miss Wu Jeng-yi, a medical student in Shanghai, is typical. Police and judicial officials compiled the case against her.

In late 1949, Miss Wu joined the "counterrevolutionary" Legion of Mary Sodality, and became a vice-chairman the following year.

In 1951, when the Legion was suppressed, she failed to register with the authorities. Twice "she destroyed by fire such incriminating evidence as a banner and a register of the reactionary Legion of Mary."

In 1953, she opposed two girls who were "patriotic Catholics."

In 1955, she told a priest about Catholics who had "confessed or given information to the Government." Later, "on the basis of such crimes," she was arrested. For many months she refused to "admit her guilt," despite fifteen interrogation periods.

In 1956, during the sixteenth session of questioning, Miss Wu "began to confess her crimes little by little." Seven months later, the People's Court of Shanghai "decided to spare her criminal punishment." She was released "after education and allowed to resume her studies at the medical college."

For Miss Wu, belonging to the Legion of Mary meant seventeen months in prison. She had to endure a cold winter in an unheated cell,

sixteen brutal interrogation sessions, and brainwashing before release.

In America, Catholics are free to state their position on any controversial subject. They can and do make their views known on the proper relationship between Church and Government. They can and do take organized action for or against proposed legislation by Congress or by State legislatures. They can and do express their critical opinions of books, movies, television programs, and all products and ideas offered for public consumption.

Then, too, American Catholics have the ballot box to express their opinions in elections and referendums. They also have courts of law, to uphold their rights. The whole process may not work to the complete satisfaction of everyone, and obtaining justice may prove to be costly and time-consuming, but Catholics in America are as free as any other individuals or groups to state their case in public.

Behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains, Catholics have no freedom, no rights, no votes, no voice. They form the Church of Silence. Between sixty-five and seventy millions in number, they are one-seventh of all Catholics in the world.

Communist policy in China illustrates how the Church is silenced under a Communist regime. Red officials have spelled out a plan for the supervision of the Church by the "Patriotic Association of Chinese Catholics." They have made it clear that bishops, priests, Sisters, and lay persons who oppose this policy will be arrested and imprisoned.

The Communists want the Catholic Church in China to be concerned with organizing "political arguments and studies of current situations and Government policies." They have ordered bishops, priests, and nuns to lead the laity in the study of communism. They have announced that time devoted to religious services will be used to propagate Government policies and instructions regarding religion.
















Under the program, the prison population of China keeps growing. Twenty lay persons in Canton were imprisoned for refusing to condemn the Legion of Mary. In Shanghai, forty laymen were arrested for saying that Catholics should be loyal to the Holy Father, and for asking that Shanghai's Bishop Ignatius Kung be released from prison.

Only persons who follow the Communist line are free to speak in China today. One of the youngest Red heroes in the country is an eleven-year-old boy. He has accused



MARYKNOLLERS ON THE GO

... One in a Series

JEEPS   are vital to Maryknollers high in the   Peruvian Andes to cover their sprawling mountain parishes   to rush our missionaries to their   scattered flocks for sick calls   to bring Mass and the sacraments to remote Indian villages.   To race around the roof of the world for Christ requires gasoline. Will you give \$1, \$10 or \$100 to keep Maryknollers on the go high in the Andes?   

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Dear Fathers,

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a total of 216 people — including his father, brother, and several other relatives — of “crimes against the state.”

In America, a Catholic traveling through practically any city or town is able to visit a church. With little trouble, he can find a priest and go to confession at any hour of the day — or even the night, if necessary. Practically everywhere, too, priests and Sisters are respected by all citizens, regardless of their religion.

In China, the faithful stay in their own villages, where they might gather to pray with people they trust. They also watch for and welcome the few Chinese priests who are able to administer the sacraments. Some churches are still open, mainly in large cities, but they are exceptions to the general rule.

The Communists systematically set out to destroy the Church in China as soon as they came into power. First they moved against foreign missionaries, confining some, arresting others, and staging public trials to discredit still others. Sisters who had devoted their lives to the care of abandoned infants were accused of murdering babies. Priests with twenty and thirty years of service in China were denounced as enemies of the people.

Expulsion was the final punishment. All told, approximately 5,700 foreign priests, Sisters, and Brothers have been driven out of China since 1949.

With foreign missionaries out of the way, Communists moved against the Chinese clergy and religious. Many communities of Sisters were

MARYKNOLL

HERE ARE THE CHURCHES OF SILENCE

COUNTRY	TOTAL POPULATION	CATHOLICS
<i>Albania</i>	1,300,000	97,500
<i>Bulgaria</i>	7,500,000	50,100
<i>China</i>	582,600,000	3,000,000
<i>Czechoslovakia</i>	13,000,000	9,200,000
<i>Estonia</i>	1,170,000	2,000
<i>East Germany</i>	18,000,000	3,600,000
<i>Hungary</i>	9,600,000	6,000,000
<i>Korea, North</i>	7,850,000	45,000
<i>Latvia</i>	1,950,000	479,000
<i>Lithuania</i>	2,879,000	2,167,000
<i>Poland</i>	27,300,000	22,500,000
<i>Rumania</i>	17,500,000	1,280,000
<i>Russia</i>	200,200,000	10,000,000
<i>Vietnam, North</i>	11,270,000	617,000
<i>Yugoslavia</i>	17,700,000	5,880,000

dispersed, and the members sent home to live as lay women. A great number of Chinese priests were sent to jail or forced labor camps, where they might work on road gangs, with construction crews, or in mines.

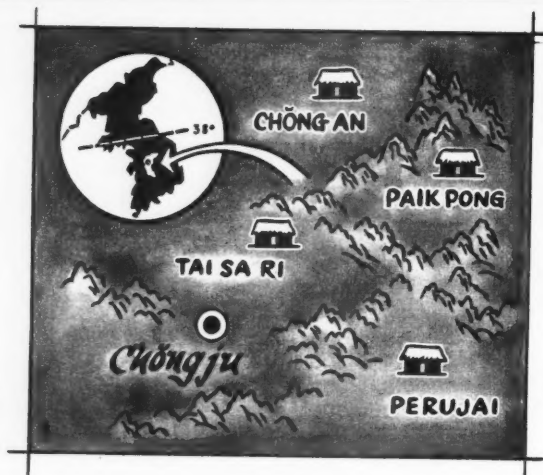
For clergy and religious who refuse to take part in the Communist-directed "Patriotic Association of Chinese Catholics," there are special indoctrination courses. Day after day, priests and Sisters are under severe pressure to make them accept Communist principles and reject the authority of the Holy See.

The laity share a similar fate. When Communists in Hankow were trying to discredit Father Liu, they spared no effort to make Catholics denounce him. Groups of four or five Communists, in relays, would visit a Catholic home day and night. Eventually they would produce the

false, but needed, "accusations."

Other laymen are in jail simply for knowing a priest. In Canton, Andrew Chiang is serving a seven-year sentence for receiving a letter from a French missionary formerly stationed in the city. For writing a letter to a priest in Hong Kong, Vincent Wong was tried and given twenty years in prison. A "lenient" judge later reduced his sentence to five years.

That is the difference between the free Church of Solace and the persecuted Church of Silence. In America, a major decision for a Catholic is whether he wants to go to an early or late Mass on Sunday morning. In Red-controlled lands, any Catholic, any day, may be called on to choose between supporting the Communists or facing jail and possibly death. ■ ■



MY FOUR VILLAGES

BY
THOMAS E. McKEE

Perujai, Tai Sa Ri, Paik Pong, Chong An — the names of villages in South Korea, yet they are more than that. They are centers where Catholic worship is being born, springing up almost spontaneously, as it first appeared in Korea centuries ago, strengthened into the simple, virile faith that led Koreans in great numbers to die martyrs. My four villages testify to the special love with which God regards these gentle, cheerful, hopeful people.

PERUJAI

On March 22, I set out with two Korean men, for Perujai. We walked across rice paddies, by a lovely lake at the base of a huge mountain, then climbed to the top of the mountain, and followed the path along down the other side. We walked down the slopes of barley fields and came to a village. One of the men went to the school and rang the bell. In half an hour, a crowd began collecting.

Most had never seen a Catholic priest before. They came and bowed

with the simple courtesy of the Koreans. The man explained to them that he had brought the priest as he had promised, and that I would talk to them about the Catholic Church, the doctrine of which they had already begun to study. The Perujai group included sixty adults and a hundred or so children. They wanted to be accepted into the Catholic Church and had sent the village leader to bring them a Catholic teacher. I spoke to them about the life of Christ.

TAI SA RI

On April 9, while I was at a Catholic village, a woman came and asked me to stop at the village of Tai Sa Ri, on the way home. I did so and went to a house where four men and five women awaited me. They explained that they were leaders of a group of 200 people. The group had been interested in a Protestant Church, but explained that they had found it unsatisfying and wished to be received in a body into the Catholic Church.

I spoke to them briefly of the Catholic Church and its doctrine, and the need to learn the catechism and to practice the Faith regularly for six months before regulations would permit them to receive baptism. All agreed to these conditions.

PAIK PONG

Late in the afternoon of June 4, I took three Catholic men and went to the village of Paik Pong. The three men were a high-school vice-principal, a former teacher, and a former police chief, who is now our catechist. We rang the bell at dusk, and the Koreans assembled.

Two oil lamps were hung. The men sat in rows in front, the women in back, the children in the hall and outside at the windows. We spoke to them by turns. I introduced myself and spoke about the Catholic Church in general; then I had each of my three men speak about the doctrine, the catechism, prayer and death. We closed with the litany of

the Blessed Mother and prayers to the Sacred Heart. Perhaps 50 men, 40 women, and 200 children were present. This village I regard as the most promising of all.

CHONG AN

Chong An made the most spectacular beginning of my four villages. In January, the first stirring of interest began. Some non-Christians approached Catholics; then came to the priests, requesting that we visit Chong An. One bitterly cold morning, seven men from Chong An hired an open truck and rode to Chongpyong, to attend Mass.

We sent teachers to Chong An on Sunday afternoons, and they began having Sunday prayers together with the villagers — prayers that are said in common by all Korean Catholics who cannot attend Mass. Then we brought in three men and trained some villagers to have the people assemble every Sunday morning and to lead the prayers.

On Wednesday evening, May 29, I took four teachers and went to Chong An; 250 people had assembled. They were split into four groups and were taught, while I heard the catechism examinations of those who were well advanced. I showed colored slides on the life of Christ, teaching these eager people as they watched the slides.

This story of four villages can be retold all over Korea, changing only the names. With more priests, and prayers by those who love the missions, the Faith will spread quickly in Korea.

■ ■

REVERIE



BURNS

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God that made us all His children.



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EVERYMAN'S "OUR FATHER"

by William A. Kaschmitter, M

A Prayer For International Justice

He who taught us the "Our Father" is not only our Saviour — He is also the King of kings.

The kingdom of justice that He came to establish was created for earth as well as for heaven. The prayer that was taught by Christ the King transcends the borders of tribes and nations and demands justice for all.

Our Father — Father of all men, who out of love created each man in His own image, who wants us to regard all people as our brothers and sisters, who gives to each and all the right to a decent livelihood.

Who Art In Heaven — Heaven is our true ancestral home. God wants all His children to join Him there in a love more ardent than that of any brothers and sisters on earth. But no injustice can ever enter heaven.

Hallowed Be Thy Name — God calls Himself "Father" and wants us to treat that name as sacred. If we despise, ignore, or mistreat any of His children, we do not truly honor the Father's name.

Thy Kingdom Come — Our Father is a King and thus all of His children are princes, irrespective of color or race. His kingdom is one of justice, and no one may enter who has been unjust to any one of His children.

Thy Will Be Done On Earth As It Is In Heaven — It is our Father's will that all human beings should love one another. Professing love while ignoring the claims of justice is nothing but cruel mockery.



Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread — God gives each human being a real right to his or her daily bread. It is a right each person has, not in charity but in justice. The earth is sufficient to provide a decent livelihood for all. Those who have must share with those who have not. Woe to those against whom the hungry cry to heaven!

Forgive Us Our Trespases — Is there a race or nation among us that has never trespassed against the rights of others? Sins of international injustice cry to heaven for vengeance. Persons who act unjustly cannot enter heaven. Thus we ask our Father's forgiveness.

As We Forgive Those Who Trespass Against Us — Our offenses will be forgiven in the measure that we forgive offenses against ourselves. Thus we make our own measuring rod. Hatred makes impartial judgment difficult. We must root hatred from our hearts if we wish to expect forgiveness of our own wrongdoing.

Lead Us Not Into Temptation — An international order that leaves whole nations hungry in a world of plenty, offers grave temptation to people who suffer. There are the temptation to war and the temptation to communism. Pray that the world becomes what God desires — a place of temptation to no one.

But Deliver Us From Evil — A world order that deprives individuals or nations of God-given rights is evil — not only for those who suffer, but also for all who have a share in maintaining that order. We should pray that God will deliver us from such an evil.

Amen. So let it be done!



ST. BARTHOLOMEW, chosen and commissioned by Our Lord Himself, carried the Gospel to far-off India and Armenia. At the end of a long missionary life, tradition avows, the Apostle was flayed alive for the Faith.

MILESTONES

OVER 700 young men from every corner of America are training to become Maryknoll missionaries. Yet ten, even a hundred, times 700 are needed to reach all men, everywhere with the Gospel.



IN

MISSIONS



FATHER GERARD DONOVAN, Maryknoller from McKeesport, Pa., was the first American priest to meet violent death in the mission fields of Manchuria. His supreme sacrifice is a missionary challenge to the young men and women of our country.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

8-8

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YOU Made It Possible!



■ **LITTLE** Miss Refugee's smile belies her sufferings. Her family fled from Peiping to Hangkow to Chungking to Formosa — always one step ahead of the Communists. Her oldest brother was killed in an accident. Her parents found consolation in the sacraments. Now that joy is to be hers: she has just received First Communion. Are you proud of your investment? You made this possible.

— Henry J. Madigan, M.M.

Opening Your Home

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ FOR THE last half dozen years, the Education Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference has been conducting a grass-roots program to develop understanding between the people of the United States and those of Latin American and European countries. The aim of the program is to show the potential leaders of other lands how our own people live, and what are their ideals and hopes of peace.

Each year NCWC takes responsibility for a substantial number of European and Latin American high school students. These students are brought to the United States and assigned to Catholic homes in various parts of the country. Each student lives as one of the family of the host's home, attends a year of Catholic high school in the host's city, and then at the end of the school year returns to his or her own home.

The students who are brought to this country are sixteen years of age. They come from solid Catholic families, have a good command of English, have built up fine scholastic records, and are well adjusted personality-wise. They are not refugees or displaced persons, or youngsters without homes.

The NCWC is to be congratulated for its part in this program. Here is a practical application of Christian charity and the corporal works of mercy. "I was a stranger and you took me in," said Our Lord, meaning that any who received strangers into their homes were also receiving Him. Therefore, congratulations are due also to the fine Catholic families in the United States who have received these students.

Additional Catholic families are needed if NCWC is to continue this excellent program. Here is a wonderful opportunity for the expression of Christian charity. It is also a chance for a rewarding experience for your own family.

NCWC seeks to place each youngster with a family that has a boy or girl approximately the age of the guest. Actually, the use of the word "guest" is wrong because it is asked that the visitor be treated not as a guest but as part of the family with no more or no fewer privileges than are given to children who are regular members of the family. It is expected that the visitor will be a temporary member of the family, doing family chores and sharing in family responsibilities.

NCWC bears practically all of

the responsibility for the visitors. NCWC investigates and handles the administrative details. The organization insures the students, provides their fares to and from their own homes to their temporary homes. It also handles school arrangements. The parents of the students agree to send small amounts of pocket money, depending on their own financial status.

All it costs the Catholic family is the normal expense of a teenager in their own family, except that all school fees are paid by NCWC.

And what are the results? "I am so grateful to you for the good family in which you placed my son," wrote a German mother to NCWC. "In every letter he writes, he praises his host family and tells me of his experiences on a modern farm. Karl's letters are full about the wonderful companionship between his host father and himself. This means so much because his own father was killed in the war."

"We will be ever grateful to you for the wonderful privilege of knowing Franz," wrote a Detroit doctor and his wife. "The five in our family have been considerably enriched by his presence. Joe teases him, Linus encourages manual labor, Tudy corrects his English, and Ann just cuddles. All of which means he is family accepted and loved for himself."

Catholic families interested in taking advantage of this opportunity should write for full information to International Program Director, NCWC, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington 5, D.C. ■ ■

Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

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"While our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feeling towards you, beloved children of the United States . . . Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Maryknoll. Your society for foreign missions, Maryknoll . . . counts among its missionaries so many of your heroes and heroines."

— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday
Address to American Catholics



China's outstanding Catholic family was warmly greeted by the Holy Father.

China's Foremost Father


Dr. John Wu had a long search to learn a satisfying answer.

BY THOMAS J. MALONE, M.M.

■ ANY MORNING of the week, you can see a slight, bespectacled man attending Mass at the Chapel of Immaculate Conception, South Orange, New Jersey. He is Dr. John Wu, a world-famous authority on law, an author, a scholar, but equally important, a man who is deserving of an international title as Catholic Father of the Year.

Among the teachings of Confucius, we read, "What the great learning teaches is this: to illustrate illustrious virtue, to renovate the people, and to rest in the highest excellence . . . all must consider *the cultivation of the person* as the root of everything." Every Confucianist knows these words by heart, but not every Confucianist has been able to live up to the ideal as has Dr. Wu.

"Before I became a Catholic," Dr. Wu has declared, "I delved into Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. But while I found in all of them flashes of insight that held me spellbound, yet none of them com-



pletely satisfied my mind and my heart. My ideal of perfection was to be faithful to my domestic and social duties and to cultivate my mind by the assiduous study of the humanities, as Confucius recommended to all scholars. And at the same time, to be as detached as a Taoist from all accomplishments, moral as well as intellectual, so that however learned and virtuous one might be, one could feel that he was without learning and virtue.

"On top of all this, I wanted to spend a whole life, after the fashion of the Buddhas, for the good of others, in complete self-forgetfulness. But I could find no way of combining these ideals. I had reckoned without the absolute necessity of divine grace and I had lost sight of the weakness of fallen nature."

Then one day Dr. Wu came upon some words that were to change his life by giving the answer to the problem that was bothering him. While he was hiding in Shanghai, China, from the Japanese, he was invited to spend a few days at the home of a Catholic friend. Each evening, the Catholic family recited the Rosary together.

Seeing a portrait, Dr. Wu asked, "This is the Blessed Virgin Mary, is it not?"

His host seemed surprised and replied, "No, that is Saint Therese of Lisieux." He gave Dr. Wu a pamphlet in French on Saint Therese of the Child Jesus.

Opening it at random, Dr. Wu read: "Ah, I feel that even if I had on my conscience all the crimes that could possibly be committed,

I would not lose my confidence. I would go, my heart breaking with repentance and throw myself in the arms of my Saviour . . . I know that all these offences would be swallowed up in the twinkling of an eye, as a drop of water into a blazing furnace."

The words captivated Dr. Wu, and from that time on he has been a devotee of The Little Flower. The contact was the start of his conversion. A few years after his baptism, his reflections on The Little Flower and her teachings took the form of a fascinating study he published, entitled, *The Science of Love*.

Dr. John Wu was born in 1899 in Ningpo, China. He graduated from the Comparative Law School of China, made further studies in law at the Universities of Michigan, Paris, Berlin, and Harvard. Returning to Shanghai, he became professor and later dean of his alma mater. He became Chief Justice of the Shanghai Provincial Court, a legislator, and drafter of the Chinese Constitution. He was baptized in Shanghai, on December 18, 1937.

To escape the Japanese, he fled with his family to Hong Kong, where he edited the learned *Tien Hsia*, a monthly magazine. When the Japanese threatened Hong Kong, the Wus took refuge in unoccupied China, near Kweilin. It was here that Dr. Wu saw a great deal of the Maryknoll Fathers. During that time, he was translating the New Testament and the Psalms into classical Chinese. His translation of Father Stedman's *My Sunday Missal* filled a deeply felt need.

Dr. Wu has written many important works in English. Some of them are *Juridical Essays and Studies*, *Art of Law*, and *Beyond East and West*. Referring to the latter book, *America* magazine called it "a breathless book, an autobiography covering a vast canvas . . . breathing with its record of one convert's payment on his debt to God." *Interior Carmel*, which shows the influence of The Little Flower, was described by *Best Sellers* as a book that "corrects the false impression that a life of contemplation is incompatible with the active life." A study on the natural law, *The Fountain of Justice*, was referred to by *America* as "his most mature work . . . a minor classic on the subject of the relationship of Christianity to Anglo-American law."

Dr. Wu is the envy of other Confucianists in that he and his good wife have been blessed with thirteen children. Despite the war and consequent hardships, flight to escape the enemy, economic difficulties, forced exile when the Communists took over, he has been able to raise and educate an outstanding Catholic family. He gives credit for this to Madame Wu.

Today his nine sons and four daughters are scattered over the globe. Thomas, the oldest, lives in Hong Kong. Edward is secretary to the Chinese Embassy in Madrid, Agnes and her family are in Ecuador. Theodore lives in Newark. Margaret, her husband, and five lovely children make their home in Elmsford, N.Y. Bosco is at the Edison Research Center, Menlo

Park, N.J. Francis, a concert pianist, is engaged at Seton Hall University.

Peter has just completed his first year of theology at Maryknoll Seminary. Vincent graduated from Seton Hall University in June, and Stephen is a senior there. Teresa and Lucy are at Catholic schools in New Jersey.

John Jr., the youngest, is the world traveler and athlete of the family. He accompanied his parents when Dr. Wu's positions brought him to San Francisco, as advisor to the Chinese Delegation to the United Nations; to Rome, as Chinese Minister to the Holy See; to Honolulu, as professor of Chinese philosophy at the University of Hawaii; and finally to Seton Hall, as professor of law.

Each morning before setting out for classes, Dr. Wu attends Mass. Each evening, the family Rosary is recited. It used to be custom for Dr. Wu to lead it, but according to Peter, the children now take their turn. Dr. Wu has been godfather for a great number of Chinese students, many of whom he has encouraged over the rough spots on their road to the Church.

Recently, Dr. Wu gave a talk to us here at Maryknoll. He mentioned that in his letters to his son, Peter, he signs himself, "Your future altar boy." The Chinese have a saying: "As the father, so surely must be the son." Dr. Wu has set a high standard and swift pace for Peter in his efforts to live up to the purpose of life as defined by China's great sage: "To illustrate illustrious virtue."

The Bush Takes Over

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ LOOKING at a map of East Africa one can't miss Lake Victoria. Looking at the part of the map that shows the eastern shore of the lake one sees a big bull's-eye marked Shirati. A big bull's-eye on a map ordinarily indicates a big town but "it ain't necessarily so."

Shirati was an important lake port when Tanganyika was German East Africa. The German road leading out of Shirati was straight as a stretched string. Shirati was a row of shops — ugly piles of corrugated iron sheeting, where Indians traded Africans the trinkets of European civilization for their corn and sisal.

The Germans granted tracts of land to certain Europeans to develop and so help civilize the country. Herr Laterbauer received a piece of land near the lake port of Shirati, where the soil was too poor and the weather too dry for much else than raising sisal for making rope. He planted a big field of the stuff. Sisal is a tough desert plant from Mexico that does well even where rainfall is sparse. It must have looked like a field of giant pineapples, long straight rows of plants, each plant a great bundle of long, sharp leaves.

Laterbauer put up a house too, of field stones his boys could gather

nearby. He put a private dock on the lake shore. From Bwana Laterbauer's place came many and fantastic stories. Everything he did was strange; everything he had was new and wonderful.

But with the first World War, Bwana Laterbauer had to go. His place was quickly stripped. His big sisal plantation was raided for all the ready fibers it could offer. To walk today through Bwana Laterbauer's place, is to see the relics of civilization. Of the house, there are only a couple of walls standing (it would be profitless work pushing them down). The dock is gone. The sisal wouldn't die, but the long rows are gone; clumps of it are scattered through a square mile of semi-desert. African children who herd their goats among Laterbauer's sisal don't even know that once respected and feared name.

Shirati was an important lake port and county seat. When the Germans lost the first World War and their African colonies, their British successors never kept a county seat at Shirati and the port languished. The only things the ghost of old Bwana Laterbauer would recognize in Shirati today are the avenues of flamboyant trees, a few palms at the lake shore, and maybe a few adobe houses. ■ ■



Nobody Wanted Kilga

Stasia's life is a melodrama,
a horribly gruesome true one.

BY SISTER JOSEPH REGIS

■ STASIA was one of nine Luay children of the Igorot tribe in the Philippines. Nanang and Tatang Luay brought them up in a tiny hut, walled with tin, roofed with grass, and blacked by the cooking fires of many long years. Stasia was called Kilga then.

It cost too much to keep all the children, so Nanang and Tatang gave Kilga away to neighbors, the Bunkit family, who had only four

children. They were the nearest neighbors although the Bunkit hut was five miles from the Luay clearing. Kilga was only six years old.

The Bunkits were a hard family. They had promised Tatang that his little girl would go to school. But only after he made a fuss about it, did they send her for a few months. Tired, sleepy, chilled to the bone with the cold, mountain dew, and often too hungry to pay attention, poor Kilga was at the end of her class. That was excuse enough. "You stay here and work for your keep," said Ma Bunkit.

Often enough, the child ran away. Often she dragged her bruised feet along the stony road back to the Luay hut. She had been beaten

and cursed and yelled at too often. But after a few days, back she had to go. The money had been paid; her services were demanded. Nanang and Tatang felt bad, but they could not buy her back.

As Kilga grew up, her troubles really began. It seems that the older Bunkit girl had been married to Felipe, who had money — and nothing else. The young wife stood him as long as she could, and then left. Afraid that they would have to return the dowry money, Mama Bunkit forced little Kilga to marry him. Felipe ran riot with his trembling, skinny and disheveled bride. After three years of it, Kilga broke loose and scurried back to Nanang and Tatang. This time she fought to stay, and won her freedom.

Came World War II. Everything was upset. The Luay men went off to fight; the clearing was neglected. When a bomb blasted to bits their small rice and sweet-potato patch, Nanang, Kilga, and the three younger children took to the road.

One evening they fell among bandits — bloodthirsty ones, not satisfied with robbery but lusting for murder. They tied the women and children together and dragged them along the dirt road like a bundle of straw. Then, at the place of massacre, each was told to kneel and bend forward. One stroke of a bolo — the native knife — and a headless body rolled down a hillside to a gully where already many bodies were rotting.

Kilga was saved for the last. She saw her mother, brother, and sisters topple over into the gully. When her turn came, the men were

riotously drunk. Her executioner swung and swung again, but could not get through her neck. A thick braid of hair down her back, she thinks, saved her life. Bleeding from gashes on head and shoulders, she toppled over the hillside and lay with the rotting corpses.

At dawn, she roused to consciousness. Rats were gnawing at her feet. She pulled herself up from the pool of her own blood, took a last glance at her mother, and dragged her bleeding body along a mountain pathway. Three days and three nights later, she reached a hut of her own people. They did what they could to heal her wounds with medicinal herbs. Just a few weeks after that, the American soldiers came to Baguio and set up a hospital. Kilga was taken there.

Only after that did she come to know the Maryknoll Sisters. We were visiting in her village, where she now makes a home for her father and big brothers. At first she was distant, trusting no strangers. But soon she was the first to welcome us to the barrio, where we teach religion each week.

Tatang disapproved of her baptism, and Kilga put it off for long months, loath to hurt the good old man who loved her so much. But eventually she received the grace to go ahead with her plans anyway. And Tatang, she found, didn't mind!

Now as Anastasia (Stasia for short) she has learned to read and write. She was so thrilled with her new Faith, that she went out among others, just to spread the Glad Tidings. Her generous spirit has drawn many to Christ. ■ ■



● *How much is enough?*

That's hard to say, when hungry eyes are hoping for just a wee bit more, and Sister is not sure that the tin can will hold enough for everyone to have a little.

These children in Bolivia's jungle land need food for body and soul. Maryknoll Sisters are giving them both.

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$. to help in your mission work.

Name

Address City Zone State

As long as I can, I will send \$. a month
to help in giving food for bodies and souls.

What You Always Wanted We Have to Offer...

— *memorials for your loved ones or as your expression
of gratitude for what God has given you.*

These chapel needs are requested by Maryknoll missionaries. You may donate any item to furnish the Lord's house.

Africa, Musoma Mission

- | | |
|---------------------|-------|
| 1. Six altars, each | \$100 |
| 2. Church bell | 50 |

Formosa, Miaoli District

- | | |
|----------------------|-------|
| 1. Organ | \$100 |
| 2. Two statues, each | 50 |

Formosa, Taichung Mission

- | | |
|---|-------|
| 1. Seven sets of solemn vestments, each | \$125 |
| 2. Seven confessionals, each | 50 |
| 3. Seven statues, each | 50 |
| 4. Seven sets of candlesticks, each | 40 |

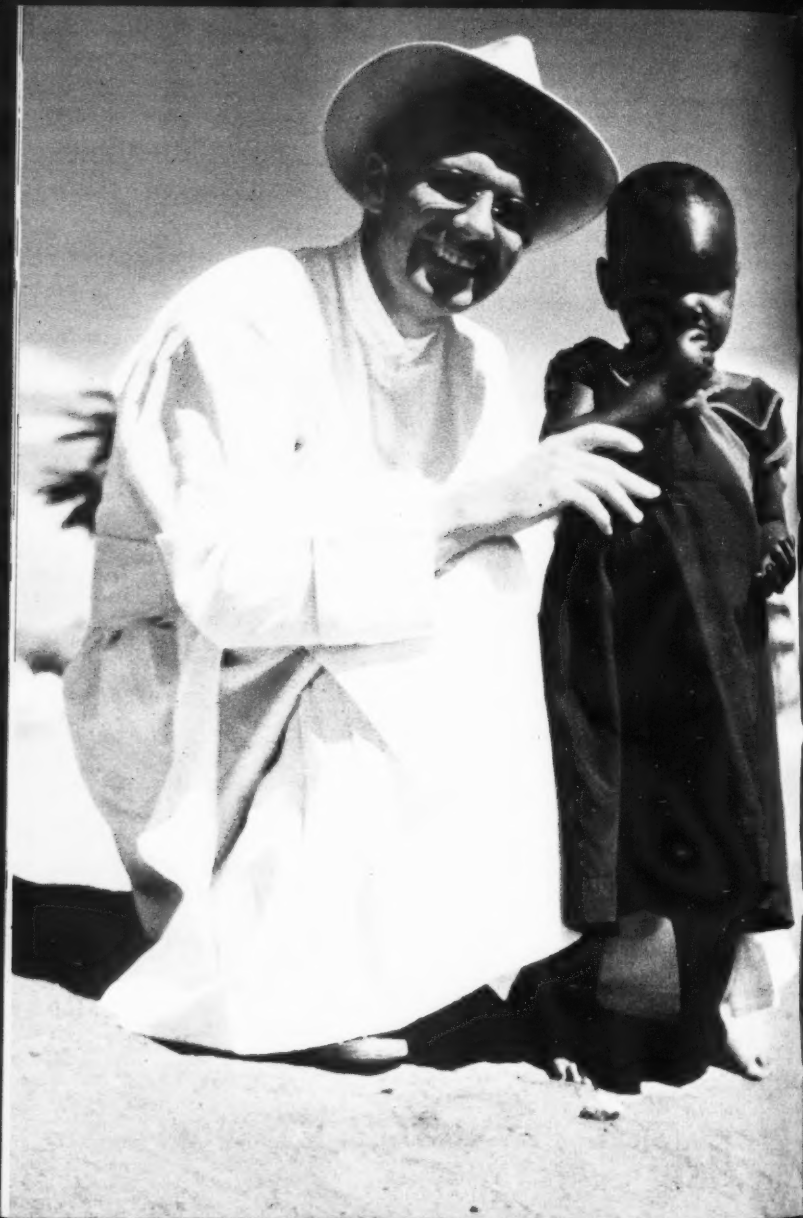
Peru

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| 1. Main altar | \$1,000 |
| 2. Tabernacle | 250 |
| 3. Stations of Cross, set | 250 |
| 4. Four confessionals, each | 110 |
| 5. Three side altars, each | 100 |
| 6. Rug for main altar | 100 |
| 7. Three statues, each | 50 |

Guatemala

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------|
| 1. Five statues, each | \$100 |
| 2. Sanctuary rug | 75 |
| 3. Communion rail | 50 |

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.



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BORDENET

It's First Communion day for these Bakwaya boys of Nyegina mission.

You'd Like Them, Too!

■ THE simple folk of Africa are heart stealers. That's the conclusion we must come to after reading reports and diaries from Maryknoll missionaries at work in our two dioceses in Tanganyika.

Largely unspoiled by modern ways, free from the bad influences of tourists, the tribes of northern Tanganyika live close to nature. Large numbers are receptive to the word of God even though becoming

a Christian means considerable personal sacrifice and a sharp break with their tribal life and customs.

They are a friendly people, ever ready to laugh or break into song. They are a generous people, willing to share of their meager possessions. They are a people inclined to live by the heart rather than by cold logic. Our missionaries feel sure that if you could meet our Africans, you'd like them, too! ■ ■

Father Joseph A. Reinhart (left) has a smile that wins many friends.
BAGGOT



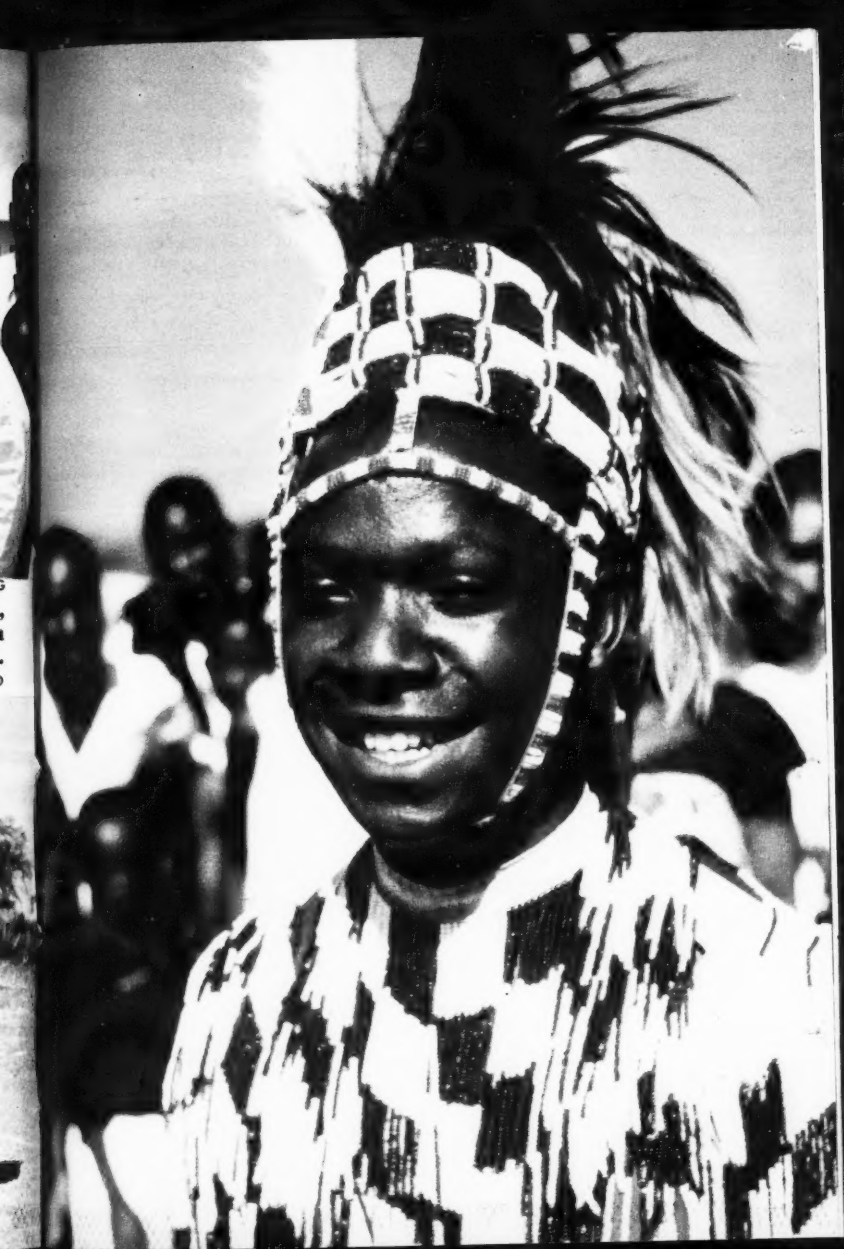
VELUCIG

Bishop Edward McGurkin, of Hartford, Conn., chats with David Makwaia, former Basukuma king and now a political figure. (Below) The Musoma school band. The young Tanganyikan (right) is dressed for a dance.

BAGGOT

CORSO

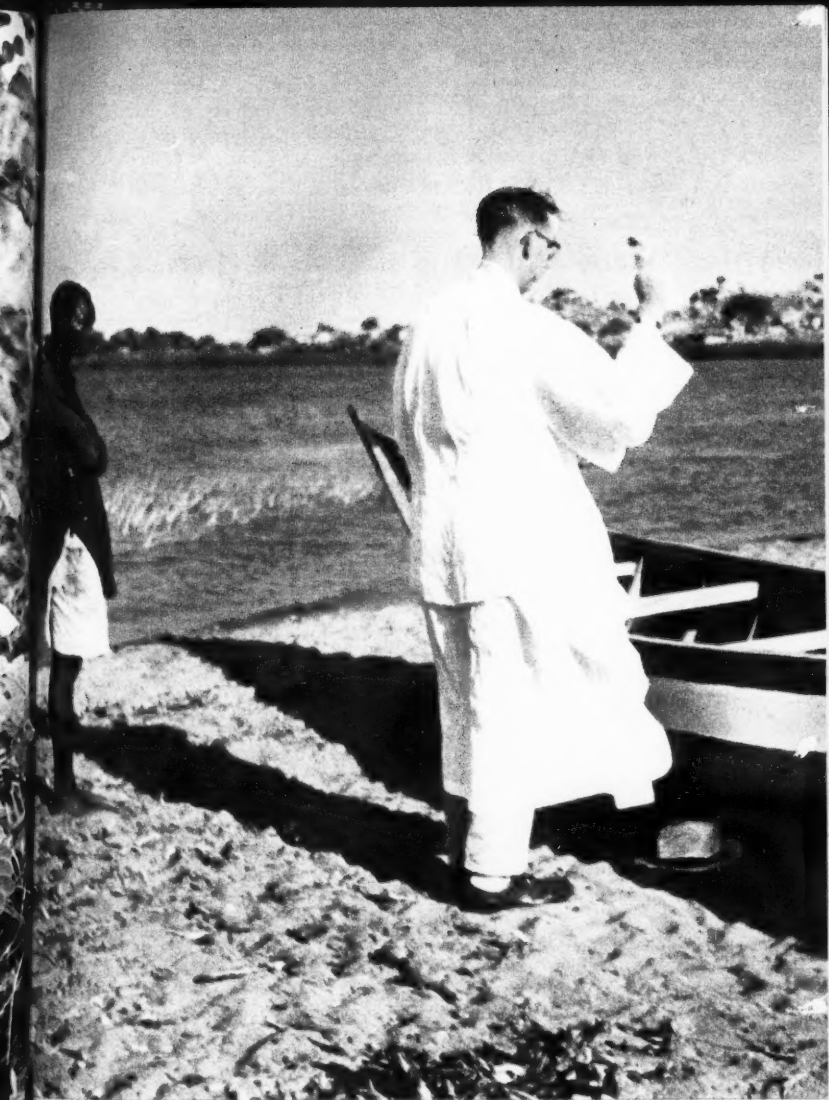




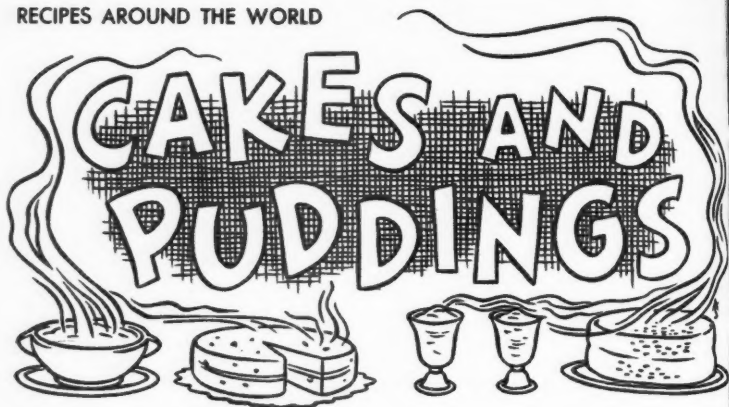


Rebecca waits for the Padri.
Her gift will be the flowers.

Relig
Here



Religion is an integral part of the African Catholic's daily life. Here Father James J. Morrissey blesses a boat near Lake Victoria.



■ MOST of the people of the world must work hard to get the essential foods, and they have little time to worry about desserts. For example, the majority of people in Latin America and the Orient seldom can afford meat more than twice a week. Special desserts are used for festival days, if at all.

It is only among the well-to-do people in the less-developed areas of the world that cakes and puddings are used. Those are the only people who can afford the ingredients and who have the means for such cooking. Great numbers of the world's population still cook on crude fires, made on the ground.

MARGOD (Afghanistan)

- ½ cup sugar
- 1¾ cups water or milk
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup cornstarch
- ½ cup water or milk
- ½ cup pistachio nuts, chopped

Mix sugar and salt into the water or milk, and bring mixture to a boil in a double boiler. Meanwhile mix cornstarch and the ½ cup of water or milk, stirring until smooth. Gradually add cornstarch mixture to boiling mixture, stirring constantly. Cook the pudding over boiling water for 20 minutes, or cook and stir over very low heat until pudding thickens and loses raw-cornstarch taste. Cool and pour into a wet mold. Chill. Sprinkle servings with pistachio nuts. *Makes 4 servings.*

FLOUR PUDDING (Nepal)

- ½ pound sweet butter, unsalted
- 2 cups cake flour
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- 6 tablespoons raisins, chopped
- 6 tablespoons chopped almonds
- Pinch saffron

Mix flour and sugar. Melt butter

MARYKNOLL

in heavy saucepan. Stir flour and sugar mixture into butter, adding raisins and almonds. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until flour is golden brown. Add saffron. Let mixture cool until it can be handled. Knead and form into a roll about 2 inches in diameter (similar to an icebox cookie roll). Serve at room temperature in half-inch slices. Cover slices with your favorite custard sauce. *Makes 8 servings.*

- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- ¾ cup light molasses
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup citron, cut very fine
- ½ cup seedless raisins, chopped
- ½ cup shredded coconut

Heat oven to 350°. Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time. Sift together dry ingredients and stir in alternately with mixture of milk and molasses. Stir until smooth. Fold in fruit and coconut. Pour batter into 2 greased and floured loaf pans, approximately 9x5x2½ inches. Bake 35 to 40 minutes.

CORNSTARCH CAKE (Egypt)

- 1 cup eggs (4 or 5 eggs)
- 1 cup sifted, powdered sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups sifted cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- ½ teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ to ½ cup powdered sugar

Beat eggs thoroughly; then beat in 1 cup of powdered sugar; then blend in butter. Continue beating, gradually adding cornstarch. Beat in vanilla and baking powder. Bake in greased 8x8x2-inch pan at 375° for 25 to 30 minutes. Sprinkle with powdered sugar as soon as taken from oven.

VERMICELLI PUDDING (Pakistan)

- ½ pound (1 cup) butter
- 2 cardamom seeds
- 2 3-inch sticks cinnamon
- ½ pound (3½ cups) vermicelli
- 2 tall cans evaporated milk
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 teaspoon saffron
- 1 teaspoon water
- ¼ cup shredded almonds
- ¼ cup pistachio nuts
- ½ cup seedless raisins

Melt butter with spices. Add raw vermicelli; cook slowly 5 minutes. Add milk; cook slowly until milk is absorbed and vermicelli tender (about 20 minutes). Remove cardamom seeds and cinnamon. Stir in sugar. Mix saffron with water, and add. Stir in nuts and raisins. Cover, let stand 5 minutes. Serve warm. *Makes 5 good cups (generous servings).* ■ ■

SPICE CAKE (Liberia)

- ¾ cup butter
- ¾ cup sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2¼ cups flour
- ¾ teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon allspice
- ¼ teaspoon mace

DRAGON RUNNER

Little Wong just couldn't
let the dragon lose face.

BY MICHAEL J. O'CONNOR, M.M.

■ TEARS almost welled from the slant eyes of Little Wong. But he choked them back. A boy of thirteen doesn't cry, he told himself, even when he is being told that he cannot be one of the carriers of the Golden Dragon.

The boy scuffed dejectedly across the street. At least he could watch them bring the dragon to the temple. Head down, Little Wong didn't see Bertie Chan waiting at the curb for him, until he bumped into him. The lanky bully's raw laughter woke the little boy from his thoughts. "Are you crying, Little Wong? Because they won't let you run under that stupid dragon?"

Bertie was best ignored, if possible. His father was the editor of the *China People's Weekly*, which everyone said was Communistic. That meant little to Wong, but he knew he didn't want a fight with Bertie today, so he shrugged and turned away, scarcely hearing Bertie add, "If the dragon runs tomorrow..."

Down the street he spied Ace Perro and Billy Murphy, his classmates in P.S. 38, and he went to join

MARYKNOLL



them on the crowded curb. "You said to be here at three, Little Wong. When does your old dragon come out?" Ace looked curiously at Little Wong. "Say, I thought you'd

be one of the guys carrying it today."

The Chinese boy said nothing at all.

At that moment the dragon emerged from the store under the Chamber of Commerce building, 110 feet high of bright silver and gold. But it was a lifeless dragon, head down and body sluggish. The two white boys were puzzled. "Say, that's a mighty dead dragon," said Ace.

"It is dead," answered the Chinese boy. "It must first go to the temple to have its eyes dotted. Then it will be alive."

Outside the door of the temple the dragon hesitated. "It doesn't want to enter," explained Wong. The boys watched it coil back on itself, reluctant to go in. But it finally did, and the boys slithered through the crowd and into the incense-filled temple. The leaders of the Chinese community were there, and so were reporters.

"Watch now," whispered Little Wong. "They'll dot the eyes of the dragon, and it'll come to life!" An old priest dipped a silver brush into a bowl and handed it to the mayor. He nervously dotted the dragon's eyes and it moved and trembled. Strings of firecrackers began to explode inside the temple and out on the street. Cymbals clanged.

The great head reared up proudly.

"Tomorrow it will *really* dance," the Chinese boy said to wide-eyed Ace and Billy. "Tonight it will rest, but tomorrow — just wait!"

"Tough that you are not working under that dragon, Little Wong," said Ace as the frolicking serpent twirled

down the street to its storage place. "That's what you said last week at assembly, wasn't it?"

Little Wong nodded miserably. On the stage of P.S. 38 he had eagerly explained to his schoolmates the ways of his native China, especially the lore of the dragon, how it was a bearer of happiness and good luck to all who saw it coiling and twining in the streets. "And under it," he had cried out proudly, "are the men of one clan — I am a member of it — known in China as the *Mo Lung*, Bearers of the Dragon."

He now regretted those boastful words as he bade farewell to Ace and Billy and slowly went home, to supper and early bed in the tenement opposite the Chamber of Commerce building. But he couldn't sleep. For hours he kept thinking of the coming Dragon Procession. Finally he got up and went to the window.

The street was dark and deserted below, except for dim glows in the rattan factory and the Peking Restaurant, and a blaze of light from the soda fountain near the subway station. The boy was turning back to bed when he saw Bertie Chan's

"A deathbed will is as sorry a substitute for a well-prepared will as a deathbed repentance is for a well-ordered life."

— Anon.

thin figure across the street. Little Wong watched while the lanky boy walked quickly past the lower floor of the Chamber of Commerce building where the dragon was stored. There he stopped and furtively went back. He looked slowly, carefully, through the window, then blended into the shadow of the recessed doorway.

Little Wong was now fully alert. He watched excitedly. What was Bertie doing over there? He remembered what his father had said about Bertie's father being a Communist and the talk that the Communists were opposed to this Dragon Procession. "Idle superstition, unworthy of the Chinese people," their newspaper said.

Little Wong, his eyes trying to pierce the darkness, saw a flash of metal in Bertie's hand. A key? Quickly the Chinese boy pulled trousers and coat over his pajamas and slipped into his shoes. Something was wrong there across the street, and he was determined to discover what it was.

Down the street he shivered in the February cold. Bertie was nowhere in sight; the door of the store where the dragon was kept was closed. Little Wong ran across and looked through the window. Nothing! All was black inside, save for a gleam from the gold and silver skin of the dragon, coiled on wooden horses. Where had Bertie gone?

Suddenly, through the window, Wong saw the flame of a match. It lit up Bertie's face — and the pile of newspaper he was bending over. All at once Little Wong understood — Bertie was setting fire to the

dragon! The small boy leaped for the door. It opened at his touch. Inside he dived at the startled Bertie, bowling him over. The two rolled on the floor, Little Wong punching and kicking the bigger boy. Bertie squirmed away and ran for the door. Wong dived after him, tackling him low, and Bertie fell hard, half-in, half-out the door. "What are you trying to do, burn the dragon?" panted the small boy.

Then he realized that the store was bright with light — the pile of newspaper under the dragon was blazing. He released Bertie and turned to the fire. He jumped into it with both feet. The searing flames ran up his legs and he felt his pants begin to burn. Yet he jumped and jumped, trampling the blaze, unaware of his burns until the store was full of excited men who rolled him on the floor and threw coats over his burning clothing.

The next thing he knew he was in his own bed. Around were several policemen, Mr. Kwoh of the Dragon Committee, and others. Someone was spreading cool stuff on his legs. "... and he wanted to help carry the dragon tomorrow," he heard Mr. Kwoh say.

"Well, he's O.K.," said one of the cops. "He'll be on his feet tomorrow, the Doc says."

"But I told him no, that he was too young."

Another voice broke in, speaking Chinese: "How about this, Mr. Kwoh? That Sam Leong under the dragon's head is a very small man — the head is too low. Now, suppose..."

Little Wong tried to listen, but his eyes would not stay open. ■■

Want Ads

If Your Name Is Veronica, maybe you would like to offer a veil to Our Lord. Tabernacle veils cost \$10, and our missionaries in Chile need three.

Motor Scooter saves a missionary's time. It is necessary for sick calls. One is requested for Japan; another for Formosa. Cost of one, \$450.

Sanctuary Lamps. A year's supply of oil for the Musoma mission, Africa, will cost \$25. Your offering will be consumed before the Blessed Sacrament.

Confessional Lines are long in Korea. Weekly confession is the practice; \$12.50 will build a confessional.

Priests Are Scarce in Africa. But one good catechist, under the direction of a priest, can contact nearly 1,000 people a month. Two Maryknoll bishops in Africa wish to hire a few dozen catechists; they must find \$20 a month to support each one. Can you help?



Paul Revere's Horse received little glory, but our lives might be different, had he not worked for us. A horse in Bolivia enables a missionary to reach outlying villages and changes the lives of many people. Horse \$100, saddle \$30.

An Altar Missal. The cost is \$35 each. As a donor of one, you can be certain that your gift will remain on the altar.

Veil and Dress for a girl for First Communion costs \$3. Fifty are needed now in Hong Kong.

Missionary Special. "We have a real bargain," writes Bishop Rudin from Africa, "for the man or woman who wants to do something big, something important, for God and our Africans. We need a cathedral. It will serve also as a mission parish church for Musoma. Only one cathedral is allowed in a diocese. To build ours, will cost \$25,000. It can be a memorial."

Editor's Note: Bishop Rudin was consecrated in an open field, for lack of a church in his "See City." Any gift toward this cathedral will be welcome.



Peachy Gets Loaded

**One more for the road describes
the way it's done in Guatemala.**

BY THOMAS R. MELVILLE, M.M.

■ WHEN, as a language student, I wandered out on the street to practice my latest lesson in Spanish, I felt like a fellow shopping around in the old out-of-the-way-used-car lot — not expecting much but hoping for the best. This feeling soon turned to apprehension, when I attempted my first sermons from the altar. If I detected traces of comprehension on the faces of the listeners, my joy knew no bounds.

The other night we went to Chinaca (a little village outside Huehuetenango, Guatemala). Father Leo Connors and I, in his old jeep, named Peachy. He was going along to direct things and to make sure I led none of his parishioners unwittingly into heresy, and I was going for the practice. The ride to Chinaca is an interesting one taken by itself, but is doubly so in little ol' Peachy with Father Leo at the wheel. Chinaca lies on the other side of a mountain, with a road leading to it that I would think a mountain goat would find treacherous.

I was a wee bit nervous at the prospect of what lay ahead. But I soon forgot about that, what with

MARYKNOLL

the hairpin turns, a death corner, a river to cross, the 45-degree angle of the jeep as it clung to the side of the mountain.

The most interesting part of that ride was our experience on the other side of the mountain. Here we encountered all the people on their way to church, alerted by the constant beeping of Peachy's horn as the signal of our approach. The people were in good humor as usual, and thus wished to play "hide and seek" with Father Leo, as was their custom. Father Leo was "it," and his job was to hunt out his parishioners with his jeep.

Around and around the little, one-room houses we went, across fields, up bankings, and every other which-way in attempts to get his fun-loving parishioners in the beams of his headlights. With every degree of success we had in this game, came squeals and screams. I don't know whether they were of delight at being noticed, or disappointment at being caught. At any rate all seemed to enjoy it immensely, especially Father Leo.

When we arrived at the chapel, I was thoroughly relaxed, having forgotten about the forthcoming sermon in the exciting interim. But at the chapel, the prospect struck me full in the face. Whom was I kidding? I have trouble expressing my thoughts in English, let alone Spanish. Oh, well, I had to start sometime.

Somehow I got through it, and either they have very intelligent-looking people out there, or else they really understood snatches of what I said. At this writing, I have

convinced myself it is the latter.

The sermon was a big thrill, but it was only one incident of a very memorable evening. After Mass, we went to a little open-air restaurant — the open space between the old chapel, small and insufficient, and the larger and very-necessary chapel that Father Leo is in the process of building next door. Have you ever tasted freshly killed pork, tortillas, and a potato sauce on both, in the fresh mountain air of Guatemala? Well, if not, you have a treat coming, especially if it comes after the relaxation of a bit of pressure, and the appetite is sharpened by a few hours of fasting plus watching the cooking done on the ground right beside your temporary table. I have never felt so close to nature before in my life.

I think Father Leo was afraid that the night had not made a deep-enough impression on me. As we climbed into the jeep, he gave a sweeping "Si!" to all his little parishioners who wanted the thrill of a jeep ride. By some magic, thirteen managed to squeeze into Peachy, besides Father and I.

Poor old Peachy—how it groaned with the knowledge that its makers intended it to carry only two passengers and gave it three feet of room in back to haul a bit of cargo. Then the fun began. Over hill and dale, field and stream, with our thirteen Indians screaming with delight. I had four of them in my lap—a trick I didn't think I was capable of. Oh, those bounces! But to be honest, I admit I enjoyed it all. It was a night I won't soon forget.



Letters *of the month*

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Answer to Brooklyn

While I sympathized with the honest sentiments that prompted your reader from Brooklyn to feel that charity should begin at home, where would we be if our original missionaries had waited until Utopia was achieved in their own lands? Aren't the poorest of the poor those who have never even heard of God? We came from a poor family but were never conscious of it. Our mother was fond of saying, "Only the devil is poor because he has lost the grace of God!" I am bringing up my son to be mission-minded rather than materialistic; each kindly act reacts on the entire human race for all men are brothers. Present world tensions are an indictment on us for our failure to live Christian love on a universal level.

GRACE M. BARBER

Mattapan, Mass.

To your Brooklyn correspondent who writes of "starving children on the lower East Side of New York," I wish to say that there are no starving children anywhere in New York City, except perhaps for short periods before they come to the notice of the police, Welfare Department, local churches, or neighbors. Free hot lunches are given to the needy in schools. Rent, clothes, cash and medical care are provided for those on relief rolls.

RETIRED TEACHER

Brooklyn

Comparison

There is such a marked difference in my reactions after I've read your magazine and after I've finished other magazines. While reading the fashion and home publications, I always feel greedy. There are so many beautiful things illustrated that I would like to have. After finishing your magazine with its accounts of the underprivileged, I become very grateful for all that God has given me.

MRS. J. WALSH

Yonkers, N. Y.

Up Top

As an editor I know the efforts and struggle to put out a fine book like MARYKNOLL. Yours is TOPS! I haven't much time to read, even newspapers, due to my editing job and translation work into the Spanish language. But I do read MARYKNOLL from cover to cover.

ROBERT F. LIMA

New York City

Japanese Girl

I really enjoyed reading about how a girl in Japan lives. From the pictures with the story, I must say that she has a great deal of dignity. How is it she seems so mature when our own girls her age dress so sloppily, talk so crazy, and act so childish? What's wrong here?

MRS. HENRY SCHMIDT

Milwaukee

MARYKNOLL

Substitution

You Men of Maryknoll are really very trying! Some weeks ago I went to an exhibition here where there were some delightful oil paintings done by a local artist and selling at a reasonable figure. I knew I was going to have a little extra money so I decided to buy one. Then I came home and read the current MARYKNOLL with an account of the situation in Hong Kong. So enclosed is the price of my small oil painting.

NAME WITHHELD

Nantucket, Mass.

Jesuit Observation

Last night Father Tichenor, S.J., told us about the goodwill tour made to South America by the University of San Francisco basketball team and him, their moderator. Among other things, he talked about the outstanding work that is being done there by the Fathers of Maryknoll. To hear his beaming praise would have made all of you feel most justly proud of your fellow priests on the missions. That you may still feel good, I write you this. May God continue to bless all Maryknollers in their apostolic labors.

LOUIS L. RENNER, S.J.

Los Gatos, Calif.

Cover Artist

The paintings of Joseph Little which have appeared on your covers are most exceptional. They are beautiful, pleasing and each has a message to tell. I think this is true for all ages but possibly more so for children. I think it would be worthwhile to convince a manufacturer of wallpaper to produce a paper with some of these paintings. Any child would be glad to have such a paper.

JOHN A. WIRANT

Bridgeville, Pa.

AUGUST, 1958

Reading Did It

I have been a subscriber now for some time but I never got to read very much of your magazine until last month. I was eating my lunch at work and happened to take your magazine with my lunch and I read it from cover to cover, and after reading I realized how much good Maryknoll Fathers and Sisters are doing in the world, and I felt that my duty was to help. So here I'm sending two dollars and I'll send two dollars every month as long as I can. Please publish my letter so others may see and perhaps also help. Excuse my errors as I came from Portugal and I never went to school here and what I know I learn by reading.

MANUEL M. COSTA

Oakland, Calif.

First Hand

I am from Bolivia and I understand the problem you meet in Latin American cities. Although people call themselves Catholics only a low percentage are really such and the great majority are Catholics in name only. I think it is a great blessing that the Maryknoll Fathers went there. All the people need is a chance to approach the real Catholic way of life. Now Maryknollers are giving the chance to them. I personally thank God and you because Bolivia is my country.

ROSARIO EGUINO

New York City

Ordinations

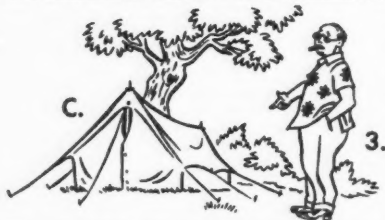
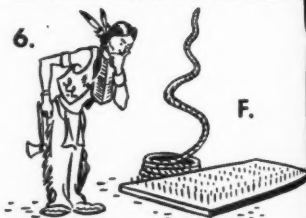
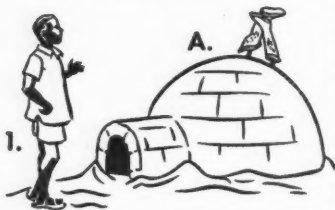
I read in your June issue about your new priests. It is wonderful that you are able to ordain so many each year. But I think that many more priests are needed if the world is to be saved. Can't you get that across to our youth?

GEORGE A. ROBERT

Philadelphia

WHO LIVES HERE?

Everybody should know his own home. These people seem to be mixed up. Can you straighten them out? Answers on page 63.



1. African Boy A. Igloo
2. American Boy Scout B. House trailer
3. Typical tourist C. Pup tent
4. Arab sheikh D. Wigwam
5. Gypsy E. Grass hut
6. American Indian F. Bed of nails
7. Eskimo G. Bedouin tent
8. Indian fakir H. Caravan wagon

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OUR COVER STORY

FEEDING THE HUNGRY



SINCE the earliest days of the Church, feeding the hungry has been a basic form of charity. Christ Himself worked miracles with food. On one occasion, He fed more than 5,000 people with only five loaves and two fishes. Another time, He fed about 4,000 with seven loaves and a few fishes.

Through missionaries, the Church has been feeding the hungry of the world ever since. The traditional pictures of priests, Brothers, and Sisters distributing food to long lines of waiting people are familiar to everyone. Small, outstretched hands holding an empty bowl are a universal symbol of need.

The first corporal work of mercy was another side, however, as Joseph Watson Little illustrates on this month's cover. There are indirect, long-range ways of feeding the hungry. By showing how to irrigate dry land to make it more productive, and how to grow larger and better crops by modern agricultural methods, missionaries help

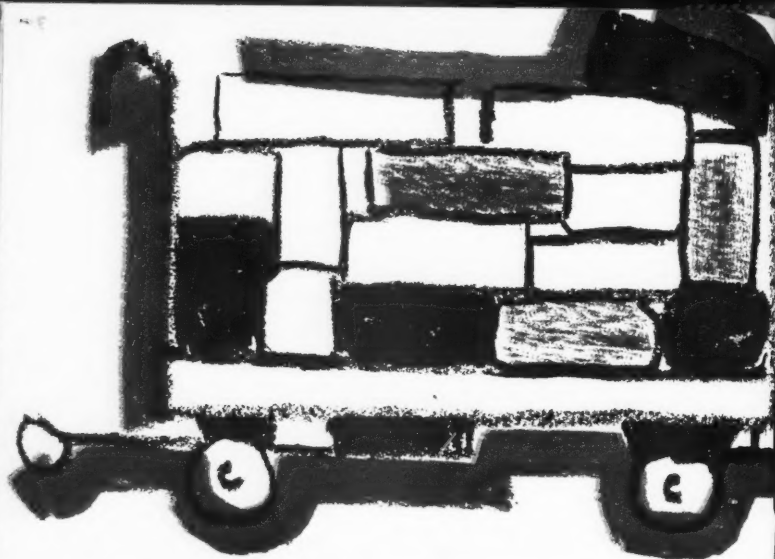
needy people to help themselves.

The Indians of the Andean altiplano have been hungry since birth. Because of sparse rainfall, they use most of their land for pasture. What crops they do grow are for animals.

The young missionary on the cover is explaining the mysteries of the sluice gate to some quizzical Andean Indians. The gate regulates the flow of a tiny stream. Instead of running off uselessly, the water accumulates so that canals and ditches can deliver it through the farm land as needed. After choosing proper seeds, farmers will be able to grow a healthful variety of food on their former waste land.

Andean Indians may well look upon this as something of a miracle. For the process by which food grows, one of God's gifts of nature, is every bit as miraculous as the multiplication of loaves and fishes. ■ ■

QUIZ ANSWERS: 1. E; 2. C; 3. B; 4. G; 5. H; 6. D; 7. A; 8. F.



To the Missions They Go!

48 new priests from 11 states are prepared to carry the Gospel to millions of people less fortunate than ourselves. They would like nothing better than to be your personal representatives to the hungry, the aged, the naked and the orphans who inhabit far-distant corners of the globe.

With your generous help these new missionaries were educated and trained. Now they are waiting to go, but there's an obstacle — passage money! We come to YOU. The cost for a ticket for each is \$500. Any part of this that you can give we shall deeply appreciate.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

I enclose \$..... to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missionary to his post overseas. I pray for his success.

My Name.....

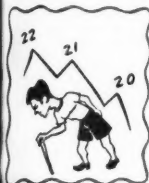
My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

It's Not Dangerous at All!

Some people

think they will die as soon as they make their wills. But we haven't been able to find a single case of illness, to say nothing of anything worse, resulting from will-making.



Other folks

consider the making of a will a job for the elderly. It is true that you must be twenty-one; but many of us live beyond that age, and remain of sound and disposing mind.

Still more

feel they ought to wait at least until they are sick. But no State requires a physical examination. Not even a cold is necessary. You can do the thing however healthy you may be!



Quite a few

believe wills are for the wealthy. They say they are not rich enough. Wills are for people who like to run their own affairs. Do you know that if you die intestate — that is, without making a will — your family cannot divide your property? Strangers will step in, take over, and distribute it in ways you may not like. Do you know what the law provides?



Our booklet about wills explains the whole subject. It is yours for the asking; and you will not be "followed up" or solicited further, if you mark and mail the coupon below.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

Please send your booklet, *What Only You Can Do*, without charge, to the following:

Name.....

Address.....

My City.....Zone.....State.....

People are interesting!

Defender of
the Indians

Missioners of America

No man knew and loved
the American Indians,
and was respected by
them in return, more
than the brave Jesuit,
Peter De Smet, S.J.,
an outstanding priest.



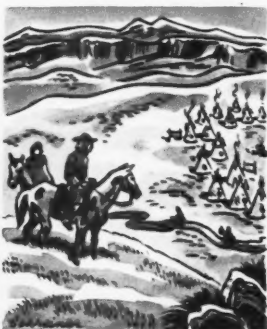
1. A Belgian by birth, Father De Smet was one of the founders of Jesuit's Missouri Province.



2. After ordination, he gave his entire life to the service of the American Indian.



3. He traveled 180,000 miles in his Indian work, knew great Indian leaders as his friends.



4. In 1851, he persuaded some 10,000 Indians about Laramie, Wyoming, to give up their arms.



5. Once on a government peace mission, he entered a camp. Sitting Bull alone, won peace.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.



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